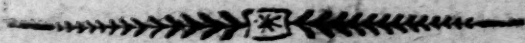


LOVE IN THE EAST:

OR,

Adventures of Twelve Hours.



LOVE AND FAITH

LOVE IN THE EAST:

OR,

Adventures of Twelve Hours:

A

COMIC OPERA,

IN THREE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY THE AUTHOR OF THE
STRANGERS AT HOME.

AS PERFORMED AT THE
THEATRE-ROYAL, DRURY-LANE.

D U B L I N:

PRINTED BY WILLIAM PORTER,
FOR MESSRS. WILKINSON, BURNET, CHAMBER-
LAINE, MONCRIEFFE, GILBERT, WILSON,
WOGAN, COLLES, BYRNE, Mc.DON-
NEL, W. PORTER, Mc.KENZIE,
COLBERT, MOORE, HAL-
PIN, JONES, LEWIS,
DORNIN, AND
BUTLER.

M.DCC,LXXXVIII.

LOVE IN THE EAST:

OR

THE HISTORY OF THE LOVE OF THE EAST

COMEDY

IN FIVE ACTS

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE

STANDARD AT HOME

AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL DUBLIN

BY THE

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AS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE ROYAL DUBLIN



TO
THOMAS LINLEY, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

IT may appear singular, that, because I can flatter myself with being numbered among your friends, I should, for that very reason, dedicate this Opera to you, *without asking your permission*: but it is my knowledge of your diffidence, that has prevented that solicitation.

As I should, however, fear to forfeit my claim to your friendship, by giving you, in public, that praise which you shun in private, I must content myself with the hope, that you will consider this as an attempt to prove the esteem and regard with which

I am,

Dear Sir,

Your most obedient, and

faithful humble Servant,

E. I. H.
4th March, 1788. }

J. C.

IT is so usual for the Author of a Dramatic Piece, on its Publication, to thank the Performers ; that, on some Occasions, a Writer might be led to withhold his Acknowledgments, lest Truth should be considered as mere customary Compliment.

The Author of the following Opera is not, however, subjected to that Risk, when he acquits himself of a Duty, by giving the Performers a Tribute of Praise, the Justice of which is attested by the Voice of the Public.

Dramatis Personæ.

MUSHROOM,	Mr. KING.
WARNFORD,	Mr. KELLY.
Colonel BATON,	Mr. BADDELEY.
TWIST,	Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Colonel BENTLEY,	Mr. AICKIN.
STANMORE,	Mr. DIGNUM.
ROSARIO,	Miss ROMANZINI.
Capt. COROMANDEL,	Mr. WILLIAMS.
ORMELLINA,	Mrs. CROUCH.
Mrs. MUSHROOM,	Miss POPE.
ELIZA,	Mrs. WILSON.
LUCY,	Miss. COLLETT.

THE Reader is requested to observe, that the Passages omitted in the Representation at the Theatre are here preserved, and distinguished by inverted Commas.

LOVE IN THE EAST:

A

COMIC OPERA.



A C T I.

S C E N E I.

The Landing-place at Calcutta.

[*A number of people, Indians and Europeans, walking on the shore.—Several sailors come to the front of the stage, as if just arrived, and sing a chorus.*]

C H O R U S.

HAIL to India's happy shore,
Where Nature from her choicest store
Her blessings gives with bounteous hand,
And decks with smiles her favourite land.
Our dreams of danger now are o'er,
Hail to India's happy shore.

D U E T T O.

No more the hidden rocks we fear,
No more the whistling winds we hear,

B

Which

Which threaten devastation wide,
As Ocean rolls his troubled tide.

Da Capo. Chorus.

Captain Coromandel comes forward with Stanmore.

Stan. Captain Coromandel,—once more welcome to Bengal.

Coro. Ah, my old friend Stanmore; I expected to have seen you in England before now.—Well, Sir, what news in Bengal?—How is your old friend and patron, Colonel Bentley; as whimsical as ever.

Stan. As well beloved in the settlement as ever, I promise you: the Colonel's singularities do not cloud his virtues;—while others court esteem, he commands it.—You know he has long fought under the banner of plain dealing.

“*Coro.* Oh, that's a service in which there is but bad pay.—He won't be able to enlist many recruits.

“*Stan.* But then the honour!

Coro. “Why, as you say, if he loves the honour of fighting, he will have enough—for with plain dealing, he will be sure to find enemies in plenty every where.”—And how is the charming young lady, whom the Colonel has taken under his patronage?

Stan. Ormellina, you mean.—She is a charming creature indeed—but still unmarried.

Coro. I suppose she won't remain so long; the Colonel has, no doubt, taught her to be obedient, in order to train her up for a wife.

Stan. A wife! No, no, Sir, the Colonel is too much a man of honour, to think of uniting threescore and eighteen.

Coro. But what has honour to do in the business, my dear Stanmore?

Stan. Not much, indeed.—I think an unfortunate young woman has far less reason to complain of the poor fellow who takes her purse on the highway, than of the old dotard who robs her of her happiness, under the title of marriage; and yet the same laws which encourage her to hang the one, command her to honour and obey the other.

Coro.

Coro. You seem to speak feelingly.

Stan. I have but too much cause;—the woman I loved was thus sacrificed.

Coro. Pshaw, man, don't droop because you are separated from your mistress; she will love you the better when you meet: without a storm now and then, we should not enjoy fair weather.

A I R I. *Stanmore.*

Ah! when safe at home arrived at last,
Where oft the maid you love has heard the secret sigh,
She fondly hears your tale of dangers past,
How sweet to kiss the tear from beauty's eye!

With this reward in view, what manly bosom fears
To brave the various war which skies and waters wage?

The winds, the thunder's roar, unmoved he hears,
While future calms of love his hopes engage.

II.

Beauty, then, shall bend at Mirth's gay shrine,
Shall hail the festive hour, and mock her fond alarms:

Your bumper as she fills, the nectar'd wine
Becomes the happy mirror of her charms.

With this reward in view, &c.

Coro. Here comes a passenger of mine, a taylor, with whom I must bring you acquainted; I think the fellow will entertain you.

Enter Twist.

Mr. Stanmore, this is Tom Twist,—a very whimsical fellow, who not being satisfied with sitting cross-legged in London, is resolved to cut out work for himself in Bengal.

Stan. I am his most obedient.—And pray, Mr. Twist, what business do you mean to follow in Bengal?

“*Twist.* The same business which every one else follows in Bengal; getting money, eh, Captain.”

“*Stan.* But in what line?—For there are various ways of carrying on that business.”

Twist. Yes, Sir, and some of them d—d strange ways, they tell us in England.

Stan. And pray, Mr. Twist, on what do you mean to depend, in becoming a favourite of fortune ?”

Twist. Accomplishments, Sir.—I can dance a cotillion tolerably ; sing twenty songs, about Jockies and Jennies, for the ladies ; and play Malbrouk on the fiddle.—In short I can do every thing but write and read, and my genius never could stoop to that.

Coro. But tell me, how did you acquire these elegant accomplishments ?

Twist. You know, Sir, I always moved in a genteel circle.—My master worked for none but people of quality : not a tradesman in Westminster could boast of a greater number of book debts.

Stan. That must have been a vast happiness !

Twist. Yes ; old Staytape ruined himself by his great connections—He visited some of the first people.

Coro. What ! a taylor visit the first people ?

Twist. Aye, Sir,—two or three times a day sometimes ; but he was seldom fortunate enough to meet with them at home ; they were too much engaged in paying off the debts of the nation, to attend to their own.

Coro. Well, Twist, a truce with your wit for the present. I have promised my friend Mushroom to send you to him.—He wishes to have some clothes made up in a hurry ; and if your needle goes but as fast as your tongue, I shall gain credit by recommending you.

Stan. Mr. Twist, I heartily wish you success.—We are all three brother adventurers, and however different our situations, our object is the same.

T R I O, and C H O R U S.

Twist, Coromandel, and Stanmore.

We be three, who, doom'd to roam,
Have dared the dang'rous seas ;
That land becomes our dearest home,
Which gives us wealth and ease.

No

No other climes will we explore,
 Nor search the world around :
 Our choice is fix'd on India's shore ;
 Our home shall be this ground.

[*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E, Colonel Bentley's

Enter Ormellina and Eliza.

Orm. Once more, my dear little adventurer, welcome to Bengal. Captain Coromandel's letter introduces you to me with the highest encomiums ; but he omits to tell me what has occasioned you to quit England in this disguise.

Eliza. Ah, my dear Ormellina, what being is that in the creation, for whom woman feels a thousand various emotions, who is her blessing and her torment, her tyrant and her slave, the man she loves ?—In short, I am come to Bengal in search of a husband, no uncommon errand, I believe.

Orm. But your story.

Eliz. Is told in a few words. The prayers and intreaties of an indigent mother forced me to marry where I could not love. The object of my affections quitted the kingdom in despair, and took passage for Bengal.—My auld Robin Grey is lately dead. I disguised myself thus, and embarked for India, in the hope of discovering my lover, and sharing with him that fortune, which I have so dearly acquired.

Orm. Generous girl !—And so this lover is my friend—Ensign Stanmore. But tell me, what is this history of me, which you say you have heard ?

Eliz. That you are an orphan—educated by Colonel Bentley as his daughter.

Orm. Well.

Eliz. That your lover's name is Warnford—that you are jealous of him with a woman of intrigue—a Mrs. Mufbroom.

“ *Orm.* Who could have told you this ?

B 3

“ *Eliz.*

Eliz. All that relates to you and Mr. Warnford,
 “ I learned from Mrs. Mushroom herself : I called at
 “ her house just now, with a letter of introduction from
 “ Captain Coromandel.—You seem surprized at my
 “ knowledge ; but I should think very meanly of my-
 “ self, indeed, were I to be in any place two hours,
 “ without learning the scandal of the whole neighbour-
 “ hood.”

Orm. But you have no reason to suppose that Warnford requites her attachment.

Eliz. That I am not sure of.

Orm. Oh that I were ascertained of the contrary !

A I R. *Ormellina.*

Hear me, O god of love,
 Who canst despair control ;
 From jealousy's keen smart,
 Relieve my tortured soul.
 Hear me, thou mighty pow'r ;
 Far from my troubled breast,
 Doubts, fearful phantoms, chase,
 And soothe my soul to rest.

Eliz. You shall not long remain in suspense—I am now going again to Mrs. Mushroom, and will contrive to gain information ; but I vow I had forgot to tell you my name.

Orm. Your name.

Eliz. You must know that, in order to conceal myself from my lover the more effectually, I have assumed this disguise, and am at present Alexander M'Proteus, at your service.

Orm. And why disguise yourself from my poor friend Stanmore ?

Eliz. Only till I have perplexed him a little.—Coquetry with a lover, is like playing with your lap-dog, “ or kitten.” The sonder you are of the pretty animal, the more delight you feel in teizing it. Come, come, my dear friend, I shall make you a convert to my laughing philosophy.

Orm.

Orm. I wish indeed you could.

Eliz. Depend upon it, I shall. None can pay more sincere homage to Cupid, than we laughing lovers.—You fighting folks make him an eastern despot, and fall prostrate before him ! with us, he is an European prince—we bow and simper at his levee : and you degrade him to the mere tyrant of slaves ; we exalt him to a glorious situation—the monarch of happy subjects.

SCENE, Mushroom's House.

Mr. and Mrs. Mushroom.

Musb. Mrs. Mushroom !

Mrs. Musb. Well, Mr. Mushroom.

Musb. Do you dine at home to-day ?

Mrs. Musb. Perhaps not.

Musb. You are not resolved then ?

Mrs. Musb. No—yes—no—I won't dine at home.

Musb. I am very glad of it.

Mrs. Musb. I shall leave you to expose yourself as much as you please to-day, and not take the trouble of interrupting your nonsense to your company, to persuade them you are not a fool.

Musb. They'll never believe me to be otherwise than a fool, whilst they remember I married such a precious wife.

Mrs. Musb. Well, sir, and is it not that precious wife who has introduced you to most of the company you keep in Bengal ?

Musb. Yes, my dear, you have indeed introduced me to all the rake-helly young dogs in the three provinces ; they stick so close to you, that, whenever you go out, you move like the queen bee, with a whole swarm after you.

Mrs. Musb. You don't mean to insinuate that I have wronged your bed, Mr. Mushroom ?

Musb. Not I, my love—I would not insinuate *that*, till I have proof of it, and I'm afraid you'll take care to keep that out of my reach."

Mrs.

Mrs. Musb. Very well, Sir, very well; but indeed what had I else to expect, when I married an illiterate, sordid wretch, and twenty years older than myself into the bargain?

Musb. Aye, that's an unpardonable crime in me. I never knew a woman leave age out of the list of a man's faults. What an ass was I to marry a broken milliner from Bond-street, who brought out a face as badly patched up as her reputation, for a venture to Bengal; besides which, she hadn't stock in trade enough to fill one of her own band-boxes.

Mrs. Musb. A very fit match, Mr. Mushroom, for an ignorant run-away shop-boy, with a mind as destitute of ideas as his pockets were of money.—The whole settlement knows your origin.

Musb. Yes, I always meant they should know it. I glory in it, that there was a time when Martin Mushroom, one of the richest men in Bengal, had not half-a-crown in his pocket, nor a whole coat to his back.—Zounds!——

Mrs. Musb. Don't fly in a passion now.

Musb. Not I, egad. That we hate each other most heartily, you very well know.

Mrs. Musb. And the worst part of the story is, that we must not own it before company.

Musb. No—that's a curst confinement upon us.

Mrs. Musb. Well, it can't be help'd, Mr. Mushroom; as we are tied together, we must make the best of a bad bargain. Hush! here is somebody coming.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Mr. M^cProteus.

Musb. Shew him up.—Draw your chair closer.

Enter Eliza [as M^cProteus].

My dear M^cProteus.

Eliza. Ah! blessing o' ye're hearts—ye're a pattern for a' married folk.

Mrs.

Mrs. Musb. [*aside*] Yes, and a pattern that is pretty much in vogue, I believe.—We have been talking over some old stories; hav'n't we, my dear Mr. Mushroom?

Musb. Yes, my life, we always talk them over when we are alone. [*aside*] I shan't be able to keep my temper much longer—Well, my dear, I must leave you for an hour or two: if Coromandel should send the taylor, let them set him to work to alter my blue and gold; and if Colonel Baton should call, pray entertain him till I return.

Mrs. Musb. Oh, that is the French officer you expect from Pondicherry.

Musb. The same, my dear. He never was in Calcutta before. He was a man of gallantry, Mr. M'Proteus—a dangerous man among the ladies.

Mrs. Musb. Then I'm resolved to make a conquest of him. [*aside*]—How do I look to-day, my dear?

Musb. Much better than you did—[*aside*] before you were painted.

Mrs. Musb. Ha! ha! ha! Mr. M'Proteus: the only looking glass an old married woman has to consult, is her husband.

Eliz. You are right, Madam:—like a looking glass, he'll let ye see aw ye're fauts.

Mrs. Musb. Well, if you must go, good bye, love. [*leaning on Musbroom's shoulder.*]

Musb. [*kissing his hand*] Adieu, my angel. You see, Sir, what it is to have a wife so d—d fond of one. [*Exit.*]

Mrs. Musb. At length we are alone. “Oh, Mr. M'Proteus, what an acquisition it is to have a friend like you.—The moment I saw you, I discovered that we had kindred minds.”

“*Eliz.* I houp, Madam, they wunna gree th' war for being relations.”

Mrs. Musb. You will recollect I mentioned to you my fears, that Mr. Warnford might misunderstand my behaviour to him?

Eliz. I remember it perfectly, Madam; I never forget my friends.

Mrs. Musb. Indeed! Well, that is very disinterested to remember your friends while you *forget yourself*, and that

10 LOVE IN THE EAST:

that you certainly do at this moment.—What is become of that charming Caledonian accent which graced your conversation? ? Ye're reight, Madam: like a looking glass, he'll let ye see aw ye're faults. [*mimicking*] Ha! ha! ha!

Eliz. I cry for quarter, my dear Madam; a slip of the tongue has betrayed me, to be sure. The truth is, love induced me to assume this disguise, which I must wear for two or three days. You shall then know who, and what I am. Come, madam, you need not fear to make me your confidante; I am too much in your power for you to apprehend I should deceive you.

Mrs. Musb. [*aside*] There is some reason in that.—Well, M'Proteus, I will convince you that I can be generous.

Eliz. Then, Madam, to the subject of our conversation—Mr. Warnford.

Mrs. Musb. Well, as I told you—I have chatted, laughed, rallied him, and have given into a thousand little levities in which we innocent women indulge, without meaning any thing.

Eliz. Certainly—Why, what can you do? If a smart fellow will attack you with a *curse me, madam, but you are a monstrous fine woman*, you would not be so ill bred as to blush, look foolish, and threaten to tell your husband.

Mrs. Musb. That would be ill breeding indeed.

Eliz. To be sure. Lud, why a declaration of love excites a woman to coquetry, as naturally as the sound of a fiddle excites her to dance. Never mind, my dear Madam; scandal is a tax on pleasure; and if the commodity cannot be smuggled, a woman of spirit will rather pay the duty than go without it.

Mrs. Musb. But is it not very hard that scandal should attack us women of spirit, who, instead of shrinking from Temptation, boldly meet him, put him to the rout, and shew the rest of our sex the way to victory and glory? My maxim, Mr. M'Proteus, is, that virtue should be tried.

Eliz. Therefore, I presume, Madam, you have tried yours.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mush. Aye, Sir, I thank my stars, often, and often—do you know—

“*Eliz.* Ah, Madam, what a treasure do you possess in such a veteran virtue!—You must have great confidence in it.”

Mrs. Mush. “Prodigious—I’ll give you a proof of it.”——I mean to give Warnford a private meeting, and in my own room too. Ha! ha! you seem surprised; but you don’t consider that so bold a proposal will argue such a confidence in my own prudence, that it must entirely destroy all his hopes of success.

“*Eliz.* No, really, I did not think of that.”

“*Mrs. Mush.* You have it in your power to witness the purity of my motives, in case my conduct should be misconstrued; but” I have written a letter to Warnford, which I will show you. [*giving Eliza a letter.*]

Enter Lucy, who whispers Mrs. Mushroom, and exit.

Eliz. This will be bad intelligence for my poor friend Ormellina. But to the letter. [*Reading*] ‘I am extremely anxious to remove any prejudice you may have formed to my disadvantage. As I think that can be best done by a private interview, let me see you as soon as possible.—Three raps at my chamber-door will be your passport to the explanation proposed by

MARIA MUSHROOM.’

Mrs. Mush. One of Warnford’s servants happens fortunately to be in the house—It will be much better to send it by him, than by one of my own people. [*takes the letter and seals it*].

Enter Rosario.

How d’ye do, Rosario? You must deliver a letter from this gentleman to your master.

Rosa. Yes, Miss. [*aside*] Dere always be some mischief ven Miss be so civil.

Eliz. [*aside to Mrs. Mush.*] You have not directed the letter.

Mrs.

Mrs. Musb. [*aside to Eliz.*] It would not be prudent for my hand-writing to appear on the direction—besides, Rosario supposes the letter yours.

Eliz. Shall I address it then?

Mrs. Musb. Oh, no; that will appear so strange to Warnford:—there is necessity for any direction.—There, Rosario—there is the letter. [*turning to Eliza.*] I hope this will set my character in a proper point of view. It is really very troublesome for people to fall in love with one in this manner—is it not, M^r Proteus.

Eliz. Faith, I don't know, Madam; love is like money, every one abuses it, and yet I know not what we should do without it.

[*Exeunt Mrs. Musb. and Eliza.*]

Rosario *solus.*

Ah! my mind misgive me.—Dis letter be no honest, no say any ting on outside—all white and clean outside—nice and fair, like Missie—afraid though it be wicked and black within.—Poor Massa, why should Rosario give him bad letter?—He be good massa—give me money for my poor father—never say to me rogue—rascal—but always speakee kind, and call my own name.

A I R. *Rosario.*

Oh, I love my massa kind,
He be poor Indian's friend alone;
Ven he smile, den joy I find;
Ven he grieve, I sure must moan.

II.

So de sun, you may perceive him,
Make de rice-stalk grow so high:
Who, if him benefactor leave him,
Mourn him loss, and droop, and die.

Da Capo.

But den massa be angry if me no give letter, me tink.—

Enter

Enter Colonel Baton with Lucy.

Col. Bat. Eh bien ! ma fille charmante—As monsieur be not at home, I will pay my respect to madame.

Lucy. Your name, Sir, if you please.

Col. Bat. Le Colonel Baton—French officer—come from Pondicherri.

Lucy. I will see if my mistress is at home.

Col. Bat. Your maitresse ! Par ma foi, madame, I did suppose you vas de lati of de hourse—you be so jolie, your figure so gentille, so negligee.

Lucy. Ah, Sir!—you French gentlemen are so gallant.

Col. Bat. Gallantrie ! Ah, c'est mon metier—It be my trade—Cupid be mon general—I have been his soldier great many year.

Lucy. Indeed, Sir !—Dear, I should think it almost time for you to retire upon half pay.

[going, Colonel steps her.]

Col. Bat. Ah ! ma chere, have pity on my sigh.

Lucy. Sighs ! O Lord, Sir, sighing lovers are a set of the silliest mortals.—I'll tell you how they torment themselves.

“ A I R. *Lucy.*

“ Fond Damon wishes he were dead,

“ For Chloe looks too pale—too red ;

“ Or when a heart gay Strephon play'd,

“ Revoked, and trumpit it with a spade :

“ While she distracted tears her fan,

“ And has hysterics for a week,

“ Because the false, the faithless man,

“ Let Celia's lap-dog touch his cheek.

“ When they meet, Chloe paces the drawing-room

“ o'er ;

“ He frowns at the ceiling, and then at the floor ;

“ She sings, and he mutters, till eager to quarrel,

“ Each certain of conquest, they strive for the laurel.

“ Zounds, Ma'am, you're inconstant—Sir, you are

“ ungrateful.

C

“ Yet

“ Yet hear me —No more, Sir,—to me you are hate-
“ ful.

“ Rage, fury, distraction, destruction and death ;

“ Ha ! ha ! ha !—Oh ! I’m quite out of breath.

“ Take advice from dull folks, who make love in
“ plain prose,

“ ’Twill save you much trouble to follow our plan :

“ Let no squabbles heroic disturb your repose,

“ But e’en kifs and friends, as soon as you can.”

[Exit Lucy.

Col. Bat. Ah ! ha ! ha ! Litel divil—Je l’ai prise !
I’ve caught her. Ven ever dose litel girls fall in loaf
vid me, dey always laugh diablement—mais allons—
now for de maitresse.

Rosa. [aside] No—won’t give letter to massa—Egod,
have great mind to give it to Frenchman—don’t like
Frenchmans—bad letter good enough for him—and that
will make joke.

[gives the letter, and exit.

Col. Bat. Une lettre ! pour moi !—Ah ! ha ! vidout
directione ! Somebody else in loaf avec moi ; nous ver-
rons. [opens, and reads it. Private interview—tree rap
at my chamber door. Marie Musbroom. Serviteur, Ma-
dame Musbroom.—Poor ladi—she is struck aussi—saw
me from the window, peut-etre.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Sir, I am sorry to tell you, my mistress is out.

Col. Bat. Ma chere, I am sorry to contradict you—
but you are out yourself. Montrez moi la chambre de
madame—de lady’s chambre door—tree rap, ma belle,
eh !—

Lucy. Dear, Sir, what would you have ?

Col. Bat. I can’t tell you dat, my dear,—only shew
me madame’s room—voici la lettre.

Lucy. [aside] My mistress’s hand-writing, as I live !
What is this to produce ?

Col. Bat. [giving her money] I am au desespair dat I
’ave no time to be more in love vid you à present,
Made-

Mademoiselle, but I shall 'ave dat honneur anoder time.

Lucy. Oh dear, Sir, I am in a hurry.

Col. Bat. Allons ! ma belle, allons !

Lucy. Bless me, here is somebody coming ; step into that room, Sir, on the right-hand—I'll attend you presently. [Exit Col. Bat.]

Enter Warnford and Rosario.

Warnf. Come, come, Rosario, tell me truth—you are certainly in love with some pretty little Indian girl in this house—I meet you here continually—what say you, Lucy.

Rosa. [*aside.*] If massa should find out dat I no give him letter, what shall I do ?

Lucy. Lord, Mr. Warnford, you are always talking about love.

Warn. Well, Lucy, I own that my heart yields like wax to the impression of the little god.

Lucy. I fancy the wax is soon hot and soon cold, and yields to a different impression every day.

Warn. You are mistaken, Lucy :—it does not follow that I should be inconstant, because I am attentive to the whole sex.

A I R. *Warnford.*

So deep within my heart.

My fair one's image lies,

That only death's keen dart

Can reach my dearest prize.

The oak firm rooted mocks the blast,

And dares its proud tyrannic sway ;

Yet when the angry storm is past,

His leaves the zephyr's breath obey.

Firm fixt that love remains,

Increasing ev'ry hour,

Which falsehood's sway disdains,

Yet bends to fashion's power.

C 2

“ *Lucy.*

" *Lucy.* Well, Mr. Warnford, my mistress is not at home; and as for my master, I suppose you hardly come to inquire after him.

" *Warn.* No, i'faith, I came to inquire after an old friend of my father's, Colonel Baton, who, I hear, is arrived in Calcutta.—I expected to find him here.

" *Lucy.* Then, Sir, you'll be disappointed in your expectations.

" *Warn.* Perhaps he is not arrived."

Lucy. And as for my mistress, she is not at home.

Warn. No! why then I have half a mind to make love to you. Come, come, my dear Lucy, don't frown, but confess honestly with me that making love is no very unpleasant amusement.—Your eyes answer yes.—And what say you, my poor Rosario?—Nothing! Ah, I thought mine was an universal opinion.

TRIO. Warnford, Rosario, and Lucy.

Tho' by fate it be decreed
Sorrow shall guard the lover's meed;

Warn. Yet Stoic apathy I scorn,

Ro. & Lu. Yet ev'ry danger will I scorn.

He who would pluck the rose, must dare
the thorn.

Rosario *solus.*

Tho' love make me sigh and grieve,
Still I would not be relieve;
I no fear his frown to meet,
He only frown to smile more sweet.

Da Capo.

Tho' by Fate, &c.

[*Exeunt.*

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

ACT

A C T II.

S C E N E, Mrs. Mushroom's Chamber.

Mrs. Mushroom discovered alone.

HEY day! do my ears deceive me, or did I hear Warnford's signal?—Three raps at my door!—How can he possibly have received my letter so soon? [raps] Hark!—The signal repeated! This is a lover's haste, indeed! [*she goes to the door, and opens it, turning away her head, and affecting agitation. Col. Baton takes her hand, and follows her on.*] My confusion will scarcely suffer me to explain what I dare say must surprise you.

Col. Bat. Oh no, Madame; I am used to these affaires.

Mrs. Mush. [*turning round, and seeing him*] Oh, heavens!—who are you, Sir, and what brought you here?

Col. Bat. Your commande, Madame—La voila. [*showing her letter*] Permettez moi, Madame—Suffer me on my knee—

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Ruin'd and undone, Madam!—Here is my master return'd home suddenly, and is coming into your room.—If he should catch the Colonel with you—

Col. Bat. Don't be alarm, Madame; ve people of gallantrie never mind such accidens. [*taking snuff*] Put me in a closet, or under your bed, or vere ever you please, Matame.

Lucy. No, that will never do—We have but one chance for your escape—In that closet is a window, which looks into the garden—you must e'en jump out—it is not above seven or eight feet from the ground.

Col. Bat. Seven or eight feet from the ground!—Pardonnez moi, Madame, it be impossible.

Mrs. Musb. Impossible!

Col. Bat. Mgdame, I should be vera happy to jump any vere for you; but I ave von litel Malheur vill make it impossibel. I am trouble, Madame, vit the rheumatism in my knee.

Mrs. Musb. Unfortunate beyond every thing.—What a time for a man to have the rheumatism.

Lucy. Courage, Madam:—I have thought of an expedient to save both your reputation and the Colonel's lame knee. Twist, the taylor, is just arrived, and is now waiting at the garden-door, for this very coat which I have in my hand—But we have not a moment to lose—This way, Sir. [*Lucy and Colonel go into a closet.*]

Mrs. Musb. By what frange accident could this old Frenchman have got my letter?—Colonel Baton I think she call'd him—the very man whom we expected here.

Musb. [*without*] Mrs. Mushroom!—my dear!—Why, I say, Mrs. Mushroom! [*Lucy running hastily from the closet.*]

Mrs. Musb. What shall I do, Lucy?

Lucy. We are all safe, Madam. As I told you, Mr. Twist happened to be waiting for me, at the garden-door—I called to him from the closet; and the Colonel has bribed my gentleman to exchange clothes with him from the window, and will attend you as soon as he is dress'd—Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Musb. But how must I manage, Lucy?

Lucy,

Lucy. Fear nothing, Madam.—You must keep the old Colonel in good humour, by nods, winks, and tender glances—and leave the rest to me.

Musb. [*without*] Mrs. Mushroom!—my love——

Lucy. [*opening the door*] Dear, Sir, is it you?

Musb. [*enters*] Yes, it is me, Madam; and an unwelcome visitor I am, no doubt. I suppose you had a gallant with you, my love.

“*Mrs. Musb.* I sha’n’t answer such questions, Sir.

“*Musb.* Perhaps, then, Madam, you will answer me.” [*to Lucy*] Is the gentleman disposed of?

Lucy. Oh yes, Sir; I am much obliged to you—I took care to provide for that, while you were knocking at the door.

Musb. You did—hum—and pray, my good Jezebel, how did you contrive to get rid of him?

Lucy. Why, Sir, I wanted him to jump out of the window; but unluckily he had the rheumatism.

Mrs. Musb. Bless me, Lucy, how can you talk so?

Musb. Let her alone—She tells lies with so good a grace, ’tis a pleasure to hear her.—Well, my dear, go on.

Lucy. So, Sir, we were even obliged to hide the gentleman in that closet—Ha! ha! ha!

Musb. Why, you audacious slut, how dare you laugh at me in this manner?

Lucy. Lord, Sir, if you doubt my veracity—believe your own eyes. [*goes to the closet, and brings out Col. Baton, dressed in Twist’s clothes, and an old coat of Musbroom’s hanging on his arm.*]

Musb. Hey day! why, who, in the name of nonsense, have we here?

Mrs. Musb. Who should it be, but the tailor sent to you by Capt. Coromandel, to alter your clothes?

Musb. A tailor! he looks much more like a mountebank doctor.—Well, my old boy, is it not too late in the day for you to come to India?

Col. Bat. Diable! [*as if clapping his hand to his sword, recollects he has no sword on.*]

Musb. Eh! what! Diable! *Lucy converses with Musbroom in dumb show.*]

Mrs.

Mrs. Musb. [*aside to the Colonel*] My dear Colonel, be patient—consider, it is for my sake——

Col. Bat. [*aside to Mrs. Musbroom*] Ah! Madame, pardonnez—I had forgot dat—to suffer disgrace in de cause of beauty, is de triomphe, “de victory and glory.”

Musb. [*to Lucy*] A Frenchman, eh! Egad though he is a fierce-looking fellow.—Look ye, Mounseer, I can’t jabber your lingo, so I believe my wife must talk to you; she can par lee voo a little.

Mrs. Musb. Aye, aye; I’ll release him from your vulgarity, Mr. Mushroom.

Musb. Not till I have given him directions how my coat is to be alter’d, Mrs. Mushroom.—Come here, Mounseer, and let me try it on; though, on second thoughts, I won’t trouble you. Egad though I have forgot, all this time, to inquire after Colonel Baton. I am very anxious for his arrival.

Mrs. Musb. I dare say you will find him a very agreeable guest.

Musb. I dare say I shall; for I hear he is a great fool, with plenty of money—part of which will go through my hands, he! he! he! Indico tells me, in his letter, the silly puppy fancies every woman who sees him is in love with him.

Mrs. Musb. Pshaw!—Indico means to laugh at you.—I understand the Colonel is a man likely to win any woman’s affections.

Lucy. Of most engaging manners.

Mrs. Musb. An agreeable person.

Lucy. Not above the middle age, and with an excellent constitution, [*aside to Baton*] excepting an old rheumatic complaint.

Mrs. Musb. A man of wit, politeness and gallantry.

Musb. [*to Baton*] Why, what the devil makes you bow and grin so, Mounseer? They are not talking of you.

Lucy. He feels the compliment to his countryman, Sir, as if it were to himself.

Musb.

Musb. [*rings a bell—enter Servant*] Has Colonel Baton been here yet?

Serv. Colonel Baton, Sir!

Musb. Aye—the French gentleman I expected.

Serv. French!—Dear, Sir, there is an outlandish-looking gentleman now walking in the garden, with a white cockade in his hat.

Musb. A white cockade!—Zounds, 'tis the Colonel!—I'll run immediately—no I won't—Give my compliments—and say, I shall be glad to see him here. [*Exit Servant.*] Mrs. Mushroom, he'll take it as a compliment, to be received in your dressing-room—I'm told that is quite the thing in France.

Bat. [*aside*] Diable! dis be villain avanture.

Mrs. Musb. What shall we do, Lucy?

Lucy. [*to Mrs. Musb*] I'll give Mr. Twist his cue, never fear me. [*aside.*]

Enter Twist, in Col. Baton's clothes.

Musb. [*to Twist*] My dear Colonel Baton, I am heartily glad to see you in Calcutta. [*shaking hands with Twist*] But, odds, I forgot—perhaps he can't speak English.

Lucy. Let me talk to him, Sir; I'll warrant I'll contrive to make him understand us. [*Taking Twist aside.*]

Musb. This is a mighty queer kind of a Frenchman—he is as silent, and as shamefaced, as if he had been bred up in England.

Lucy. [*aside to Twist*] Bred up in England!—No bad hint that—pursue it by all means.

Mrs. Musb. Oh, Colonel Baton! how shall I make you amends for all this?

Col. Bat. Madame I will have de honeur to tell you another time. [*aside*] Bless me! what could make her so much in love vid me?

Twist. [*to Lucy, aside*] and so I'm to pass for the French Colonel—But are you sure I sha'n't get my bones broke for this?

Lucy. [*aside to Twist*] Pshaw! you can't oblige the Colonel more—Come, begin.

Twist.

Twist. [*aside to Lucy*] And may I give myself as many airs as I like?

Lucy. The more the better—be as impudent as you please.

Twist. [*aside to Lucy*] A match—I warrant you shall have no reason to complain of my modesty. [*goes up to Mushbroom, and claps him on the shoulder*] Mushbroom, my dear old boy, how are you?

Musb. Thank ye, thank ye,—but you need not have been so violent in your salutation.

Twist. I have an English tongue you find.

Musb. Yes, and an English arm too—and you have learnt our country fashion of asking people how they do.—My dear Mrs. Mushbroom, this is Colonel——

Twist. Pshaw! zounds! the lady know very well who I am—By your leave, Madam—[*catches Mrs. Mushbroom in his arms, and kisses her*] No offence, I hope.

Col. Bat. [*aside to Mrs. Musb.*] Ah, peste! Madame, I am enragé—shall I cut his throat?—Diable! I have no sword.

Mrs. Musb. By no means, Colonel—The poor fellow means no harm.

Musb. But, pray, Colonel, how does it happen that you speak English so well?

Twist. Oh, I was bred up in England from a child—I was at school in London.

Musb. Egad, I should not suppose you had been at school any where by your breeding. [*aside*]—I'll take a pinch of your snuff, Colonel.

Twist. I don't know whether I have a snuff-box about me.—Oh, yes—here it is. [*offering him snuff.*]

Mrs. Musb. What a handsome box! charming indeed.

Twist. Yes, 'tis pretty enough—I think I never observed it before.

Musb. Pretty!—it is exquisite.

Twist. The box is much at your service, if you like it.

Musb.

Musb. My dear Colonel, ten thousand thanks. [*aside*] This fellow will prove a fine pigeon.

Col. Baton. [*aside*] Ah, ma chere tabatiere! my deare box! [*aside to Twist*] Rogue! villain!

Musb. Hey day! what does that tailor want with you?

Twist. Faith, I don't know—perhaps he imagines my coat wants altering.

Musb. Why I don't think it would be amiss to ———

Twist. It does look as if it was not made for me—that is the truth of the matter.

Musb. He shall alter it for you.—Here, Mounseer—take measure of this gentleman directly—He is your countryman; and if you don't alter his clothes to his liking—I'll have your ears cut off. [*aside*] I may bluster a little as the Colonel is present.

Twist. Oh, hang him—he is as awkward as if he had never measured a man for a suit in his life—I dare say I could alter the coat better myself—set him about your own clothes.

Musb. Egad, there is no time to lose, indeed; so go to work immediately Mounseer.—I commit him to your care, Lucy—Lock him up, and give him nothing to eat, or drink, till he has completed the job.

Lucy. [*aside to Col.*] So it is your destiny to be my prisoner, Sir.

Col. Bat. [*to Lucy*] Ah, ma chere—I did read dat destiny in your eyes ven I first saw you. [*aside*] Pauvre fille! quite jealous of me—I must be kind to her. [*Casts a languishing look at Mrs. Musbroom, and exit with Lucy.*]

Musb. One must treat these fellows a little harshly, to make them do their duty.

Twist. Certainly, certainly. These taylors are a set of the most lazy, impudent—I'm glad the fellow is gone.

Mrs. Musb. So am I, most sincerely.

Musb. I am not sorry for it. I did not much like his looks.—But, where are your letters, Colonel?

Twist. Letters!

Musb.

24 LOVE IN THE EAST:

Musb. Ay, from my friend at Pondicherri—and the bill which he advises having drawn upon one, in your favour.

Mrs. Musb. This will discover all.

Twist. Bill!—Really, my memory is so bad. [*searching his pockets.*]

Mrs. Musb. Perhaps you have put them in your pocket-book.

Twist. They may be there for aught I know. [*takes out a pocket-book.*] Here, Mushroom, look over the book for me. “I can’t submit to the trouble of doing it.”

Musb. [*aside*] I don’t know what to make of this Frenchman.

Twist. [*taking a letter from his waistcoat-pocket*] Here is another letter—perhaps this is for you. [*giving it.*]

Musb. [*aside*] Eh! a letter from my wife, and to this French puppy—An appointment—Three raps at my chamber door—This is a fortunate blunder of his.

Twist. ’Tis very remarkable, that, though I speak English so well, I never could read it.—But pray, Mushroom, at what hour do you dine? I really think eating and drinking a mighty agreeable relief to conversation.

Musb. [*aside*] Egad, I should think any thing a relief from your conversation.

Twist. You’ll excuse my freedom—But I am always perfectly at ease, wherever I go—You know that’s very polite.

Musb. But, pray, my dear friend, is whispering a part of modern politeness?—You seem to deal in that mightily.

Twist. Whispering!—Why, my dear Sir, it is the perfection of eloquence.

Musb. May be so—but I will take care you sha’n’t profit much by the use of it. [*Exit.*]

A I R. *Twist.*

Of all the various modes of speech,
Which polish’d art, or nature teach,
With all the aids of bows, nods, simpers,
Grave looks, or sentimental whimpers,

The

The whisper plays its part the best,
 With hints, which let you guess the rest.
 Tol de rol—you guess the rest.

II.

Would you assume the lover's part,
 A fig for sighs, and tragic start ;
 With sly, insinuating leer,
 Approach, and whisper in her ear :
 Lord bless me, Sir !—I vow—protest—
 Well, really—you—you guess the rest.
 Tol de rol—you guess the rest.

III.

Whate'er the faults of this poor song,
 Or keen, or dull—or short, or long ;
 Whate'er its faults, my friend, excuse it,
 Or whisper, if you must abuse it ;
 Applaud me, though it be in jest ;
 And whisper—I shall guess the rest.
 Tol de rol—I guess the rest. [Exeunt.

SCENE, *The Garden-Room belonging to Col. Bentley's House.*

Enter Col. Bentley and Stanmore.

Bent. It does not signify talking, Stanmore ; I will not discover to Ormellina, that she is my daughter. I love the slut so well, that I must not let her know it.

Stan. And so, Sir, you will still continue the imposition, of letting her suppose she is an orphan, supported and educated by your bounty.

Bent. Certainly. It is that happy ignorance of her birth, which has saved her from the ill effects of my fondness ; for, I am sure, if I had once owned her for my daughter, I should certainly have spoilt her. You know, Stanmore, I am one of those fools, who are vulgarly called good-natured people, and who find themselves involved in a thousand difficulties, merely because they can't say *no* to any thing.

D

Stan.

Stan. Yes, I know that is your infirmity.

Bent. Whenever a man wanted to borrow a few guineas, which he never meant to repay, Jack Bentley was the man applied to ; and I had the exclusive privilege of being pigeon'd by my friends, merely because I was the best creature in the world. However, I soon found it was a damn'd misfortune to be so agreeable ; so I e'en parted with my character, to save my money, and affronted my acquaintance, to prevent my being obliged to quit society.

Stan. Ay, there it is, now—What a pity, that good nature, like the dress of an officer in battle, should be only a dangerous mark of distinction, for the enemy to aim at.

Bent. How often have I envied poor Sam Sulky ! He was a happy fellow—blest with the worst temper I ever knew, and had the finest forbidding frown—never lent a man a shilling in his life—nobody praised him, and he praised nobody—so he grew rich, because people did not like his company well enough to ruin him.

Stan. Ah, Colonel ! you would not have changed places with him, for all that—Your natural disposition

Bent. For heaven's sake, Stanmore, don't betray me, by calling me a good-natured man—Do act the part of a friend—and abuse me behind my back.

Stan. Here comes Mr. Warnford.

Bent. For his answer, I suppose.—He ask'd my consent, yesterday, to marry Ormellina.

Stan. Well, Sir ; and——

Bent. And I mean to try the force of his attachment, by leaving him a little while in suspense——But he is here.

Enter Warnford.

Warnf. My dear Colonel, I rejoice to see you.—Mr. Stanmore, yours.—I read your consent to my marrying Ormellina, in your countenance.

Bent. He who believes all he reads, young man, must be often wofully mistaken.

Warnf.

Warnf. I cannot be mistaken here, Sir—I depend on my author—Nature has traced benevolence and good-humour in every feature; and her characters have not been defaced by malice or hypocrisy.

Bent. Sir, you do me a great deal of honour, to fancy my face a gazette extraordinary of good news to you. But, I say again, that you are mistaken; I am not benevolent—I am ill-temper'd, Sir, and morose; and, as for all the silly cant of lovers, I consider it as the half-form'd dialect of children, an abuse of language, which they correct as they grow older.

Warnf. It is the language of my heart, Sir; and while that heart beats, such must be its effusions.

Bent. And so I am to infer, from all this, that, if I refuse my consent, you will run away with the girl.

Warnf. Why look ye, Colonel—I will not answer for myself—if Ormellina will agree to it.

Bent. [*aside*] A fine fellow, i'faith!—[*to him.*] This is beyond bearing, Warnford.

Warnf. Nay, I predict that you will forgive me: You have a friend, who will infallibly make my peace with you—a constant friend, to whom you now owe some of your happiest moments.

Bent. Eh!—what friend do you mean?

Warnf. The remembrance of what you were at my age—I'll be hang'd if you would not have done the same thing.

Bent. No, no—indeed no, Warnford—though, to be sure, at your age, I did not want for fire.

Warnf. You were in love, Sir?

Bent. In love!—Who could have seen my dear Sophia, without loving her? Oh, Warnford! such a pair of eyes! such a winning smile!—But I am a vile hand at description—I shall never forget when she got into the chaise to elope with me.

Warnf. You eloped with her then, Sir?

Bent. Aye, my boy.

Warnf. Her guardian had refused his consent?

Bent. Pshaw! What signifies that?

Warnf. Bravo, Colonel Bentley;—and so, glowing with youth, love, and high spirits, you asserted the privilege

vilege of a lover, and snatch'd a fine girl from the tyranny of caprice, as I would do now.

Bent. Eh!—Snatch a fine girl!—Caprice! Why, what the devil, I must explain myself, Warnford.

Warnf. The voice of Nature needs no explanation, Sir.

A I R. *Warnford.*

The guardian, dear Sir, or, if you would rather,
Suppose, if you please, 'tis the young lady's father,

Capricious,

Avaricious,

Shuns the fond lover's suit,

And with frowns strikes him mute.

Pray give me leave, Sir, my tale to pursue:

Well, what's to be done?

The lady in tears,

The lover distracted;

Such mad pranks are acted,

'Till love interferes,

And cries, off you must run:

Dear Sir, remember, 'twas once so with you.

As subjects, you know, to Cupid's dominion,

All lovers must bow to their sov'reign's opinion:

From laws so delightful, say, who can depart?

The laws of a monarch, whose throne is the heart.

Hush! hush! remember, 'twas once so with you.

The picture is your's, Sir, the likeness is just,

And, tho' painted too young, that you'll pardon, I
trust;

Like you, I the dictates of Nature pursue:

Hush! hush! remember, 'twas once so with you.

[Exit.]

Bent. Zounds! Stanmore, why didn't you stop me, when you saw me exposing myself so? The dog took me unawares, and unfortunately surpris'd me into a fit of good-humour. He is a fine high-mettled fellow, faith.

Stan.

Stan. Perhaps, Sir, you may find him too much so.—You know he has given you fair warning of his intention to run away with Ormellina; and I think your only chance for preventing him, is, to own her publicly as your daughter immediately.

Enter Ormellina and Eliza.

Eliza. Surely I heard your name mentioned——Stop, I beseech you; perhaps the conversation may be interesting to you.

Bent. Egad, Stanmore, you are in the right—I will declare myself to Ormellina——she shall know all the affection I feel for her. To-morrow I will call her mine in the face of the world.

“*Orm.* Then my misery is complete.

“*Eliza.* It is as you suspected, and your guardian means to become your husband.

“*Bent.* How many years has affection struggled with prudence to prevent the secret escaping me! But I will delay my happiness no longer.---I shall only insist on the slut not praising me.---She must not shew her gratitude.---I'll overwhelm her with kindness, if she will but promise to let nobody know it.”

[Exeunt Colonel Bentley and Stanmore.]

Orm. What accumulated misfortune! To-morrow, did he say? I shudder at the thought. What shall I do, Eliza?—What advice do you give me?

Eliza. The only advice people in love ever take—to follow your own inclinations.

Orm. Yet this dreadful stroke is not half so severe, as the cruel doubts I entertain of Warnford's affection—Oh, Eliza! I cannot support the idea of his inconstancy—You must go to him.

Eliza. And endeavour to pass on him for this Colonel Baton, who is expected from Pondicherry?

Orm. Yes, it will be the easiest thing in the world—Warnford never saw him—You will at least gain an introduction to him, and discover the state of his heart—

Nay, should you even be discovered, the attempt will pass for a jest.

Eliza. Poor Warnford!—Heaven help him, if I begin to torment him; besides, you know I am engaged in teasing my own lover, and really I think it is sufficient amusement for any reasonable woman, whether married or single, to plague one man at a time.

“*Orm.* Pshaw! if you would be serious.

“*Eliza.* Well, then, to be serious; suppose the “real Frenchman should arrive!”

Orm. Oh, my dear girl, do not oppose my impatience.

Eliza. I am at your disposal then from this moment; it will not be the first mad prank I have play’d, however, as these habiliments witness.

“*Orm.* Remember your lesson, that your name is “Colonel Baton—that you are from Pondichierri—that “you are to be at Mushroom’s house during your stay in “Calcutta—that—

“*Eliza.* Never fear me, Madam.”

Orm. I am sure you will pardon the effects of my anxiety, when you consider the situation of my heart; and yet amidst all my uneasiness, I listen to the sweet accents of hope.

A I R. *Ormellina.*

Hope bids pleasure smile anew,
And whispers that my lover’s true;
Ah! while the tidings I receive,
I wish, but scarcely can believe.

Da Capo.

Yet, tho’ ideal be the bliss,
No chance of happiness I’ll miss.

Da Capo.

[*Exit Ormel.*

Eliza. Here comes my dear Henry—how fortunate!

Enter Stanmore.

Stan. I cannot get this youth out of my head—the most exact resemblance of her I love—

Eliza.

Eliza. [*aside*] Now for a good opportunity to enter into conversation with him.

Stan. I never heard of my dear girl having a brother. [*seeing Eliza—aside*] The very person as I live—I'll speak to him—You are lately from England, Sir?

Eliz. [*assuming the Scotch dialect*] Yes, Sir, just arrived, and on an errand which may be weel surprise ye :—What say ye to love sending a mon to India? Dinna ye think I am the only instance o' th' kind?

Stan. I fear not, Sir. [*sighing.*]

Eliza. Indeed!

Stan. I am thus circumstanced.

Eliza. May be, then, our situation is exactly alike ;—the object of my affections is now in Bengal.

Stan. Would that I could say the same!—but the mistress of my heart is in England.

Eliza. [*aside*] How I long to contradict him!—May be than your mistress wur nae kind to ye?

Stan. I do not complain of her.—If she was in an error, she must have already felt its effects but too severely.

Eliza. Generous man! [*aside*] But what way ha' ye borne ye're misery?

Stan. I have borne it as becomes a soldier—in silence.

Eliza. And wur it really sorrow unmixed with anger? wud na' an exclamation against the sex break forth noo and than?

Stan. Ah, Sir, if she whom I love could but view my heart; it it an emblem of the glassy rivulet, on whose banks we have so often taken our melancholy walk; though a sudden storm may for a time efface her image from the surface, the succeeding calm faithfully restores the picture.

Eliza. But you forget aw circumstance, to render the simile complete; neither the rivulet, nor the heart can preserve the lady's picture in her absence.

Stan. You are to be envied, who can treat love with raillery.

Eliza. Indeed you mistake me.—I love wi' an affection equal to yours; I love sa weel, that—[*aside*] Heavens! what am I saying!—I forget what I have promised to Ormellina.

Stan.

32 LOVE IN THE EAST:

Stan. You seem agitated, Sir.

Eliza. I am so indeed—I wulst to say something to ye which I canna noo explain—Yeur hond, Sir. Meet me at Captain Coromandel's in the evening.—Speer ye for ain Mr. Proteus ;—you wull find reason to flatter me wi the title of freend at least.

[*Exit Eliza.*

A I R. *Stanmore.*

Oh ! no accusing sigh shall rise,
Of broken vows complaining ;
Her error's past—resentment dies,
And love's alone remaining.

Weak is the sorrow, which by tears
Can stoop to court compassion,
Or fondly vain condolence hears,
That mockery of fashion.

Oh ! no accusing sigh, &c.

Why to the world my griefs impart ?
The gay with scorn receive them :
Why wound with plaints the feeling heart,
Which would, but can't relieve them ?

Oh ! no accusing sigh shall rise,
Of broken vows complaining ;
Her error's past—resentment dies,
And love's alone remaining.

[*Exit.*

S C E N E, Warnford's House.

Rosario flus.

Rosa. Poor massa ! he be sure in love ; he walk about and talke to himself. I wonder if he love like poor Indian—He can't love better ——Sometime I sigh by myself, and wish I was grand English gentleman, to ride in my palanquin, and have great riche—and den I meet
Dayda,

Dayda, and she smile and say, *dear Rosario*, I love you ;
—and den I wish for no palanquin, no great riche—I so
glad dat I be poor Rosario.

A I R. *Rosario.*

When from Dayda dear I'm parting,
And I promise not to grieve ;
When she stop de sigh just starting.
And den twenty times take leave ;
Oft my Dayda's grief I'm chiding,
Try to smile, and say good bye ;
But while her stifled sigh she's hiding,
Still de tear come in my eye.

Tho' sad thoughts my poor heart paining,
I remember when we meet,
De tear of absence yet remaining
Make our meeting seem more sweet.
As de dew-drop of de morning
Glisten ven de dawn appear ;
Love my Dayda's eye adorning,
Smile more bright upon de tear. [Exit.

Enter Twist, with a Servant:

Serv. My master will wait on you immediately, Sir. [Exit.

Twist. Ah, don't let *him* hurry himself. The devil
take this Mushroom for bringing me here, and insisting
on my being introduced to Warnford.—Curse his
civility.

" *Mush.* [without] Come along, Colonel. [Enters]

" Zounds, what's the matter with you ?

" *Twist.* Why, really, it is very kind of you, to
insist on my being introduced to Mr. Warnford ;—
" but—

" *Mush.* But what ?—I tell you he'll like to hear
" you talk of his father, with whom you were so well
" acquainted when you visited England.

" *Twist.*

" *Twist*. Then he'll be plaguily disappointed—for
 " I'm resolved not to open my lips on that subject. I
 " hate old stories—they are a shocking bore.

" *Musb.* Well, I must leave you for the present;
 " however, I'll endeavour to find Warnford, and send
 " him to you. [Exit.]

Twist. What will become of me?—Egad, I find impudence, like corks to a bad swimmer, may tempt a man dangerously out of his depth. I wonder whether this Warnford is apt to be choleric.—Zounds, if he should deal in kicking!—I should like to see whether he has a fighting face; if one could get a squint at him through any compassionate window, or the crevice of a door—or—

A I R. *Twist*.

Hark! I hear! I hear him coming!
 At each step I quake for fear:
 Oh! a plague on this curst mumming!
 This fool's coat will cost me dear.
 Yet, since there's no escaping,
 His fury I must dare,
 And, other heroes apeing,
 Take courage from despair.

If I could but courage muster,
 Just to bounce a bit or so;
 But in what way shall I bluster?
 Pistol, sword, or boxing blow.
 Ha, ha! fa, fa! or so, so, boh!—no.

At the thought I quake with terror:
 Why did I this scheme pursue?
 Oh! too late I find my error;
 What the devil shall I do?
 I must all his fury dare,
 Gath'ring courage from despair.

Tho' 'tis brave to dare a beating,
 Wiser 'tis to run away;
 But, alas! there's no retreating,
 Here must I be bound to stay.
 Hark! I hear him! what the devil shall I do?
 Hark! again I hear him coming;
 At each step I quake with fear:
 Oh! a plague on this curst mumming!
 Why did I this scheme pursue?
 Hark! again I hear him coming:
 What the devil shall I do?
 I must all his fury dare,
 Gath'ring courage from despair.

Enter Eliza dressed as Colonel Baton, with Rosario.

Eliz. Tell Monsieur Warnford dat his friend le Colonel Baton vait to pay his respect.—[*Exit Rosario*] Poor Henry!——I declare he has made me almost as pensive as himself—There is something very contagious in the melancholy of the man we love.—But now for my French: so exit love for the present, and vive la bagatelle.

Twist. [*coming forward*] Here he is;—I am not so much afraid of him as I expected to be.

Eliza. Hey day, whom have we here? [*Twist comes forward; they bow to each other, and testify mutual surprise*] Coromandel's taylor in masquerade, by all that's ridiculous. [*aside*]

Twist. [*aside*] The little lady-like passenger, who came on board our ship!

Enter Warnford.

Warnf. Gentlemen, your most obedient—I am extremely anxious to pay my respects to Colonel Baton, if he will do me the honour to name himself.

“*Eliza.* Sir, I—[*aside*] What can that fellow mean? He is dressed as if he meant to personate——

“*Twist.*

" *Twist*. [*aside*] Egad, I'm fairly plunged in over head and ears: if I do sink, it sha'n't be without a struggle however."

Eliza. Sair, I've de honneur to announce myself.

Twist. Yes, Sair, I've de honor to announce myself.

Warnf. Gentlemen, your impatience to announce yourselves is highly flattering to me; but pray which is Colonel Baton?

Eliza. C'est moi.

Twist. I am the colonel, Sir.

Warnf. A most singular incident! When you are both inclined to be serious—

Eliza. Serieux!

Twist. Aye, Sir—sericus.

Warnf. Nay, I beg pardon; if you are disposed for a tilting bout, I'll interrupt you no longer—Three persons form an awkward party on these occasions. [*aside*] These are a couple of scoundrels.

Eliz. Vera extraordinaire to treat a me dus, Sair; moi, your old friend.

Warnf. "At least, Sir, you're an old friend with a new face." [*To Twist*] You are also an old friend of mine.

Twist. Yes, Sir, and I have as great a regard for you as I had for your father.

Warnf. Ha! ha! ha! You will pardon my caution, gentlemen; but it is so difficult to distinguish one's real friends.

Eliza. Ah! fans doute.——I dare say vid your pleasant brutale manners you 'ave never yet find any friend at all.

" *Warnf*. Except yourself, Sir; and you know you were pleased to honour we with that title, though you had never seen me.

" *Eliza*. Yes, Sair, for dat vara raison, because I had not seen you."

Twist. [*aside*] I faith, the little fellow acts it rarely. [*attempting to imitate Eliz's manner*] I can't manage it half so well.

Warnf. You are witty, Sir.

Eliza. Ha! ha! ha!—I believe, Sir, you grow a little angry.

Warnf.

Warnf. Perhaps I may, Sir—and then——

Eliza. Ah! pray please to be angry—It will amuse me. Ah! it be so charmant to see Jack Roast Beef ven he be enragé, like de grand stupid Lion at de Tour of Londres, ven dey give him little poke, and rouze him up, and make him roar.

Warnf. Zounds, Sir!

Eliza. Bravo! bravo! trot about—dancez, s'il vous plait, plus vite, faster, faster—[singing] Malbrouk s'en va t'en guerre.

Twist. Ha! ha! ha!

Warnf. [to *Twist*] What d'ye mean by that, Sir? 'Sdeath, I'll——

Enter Servant to Warnford.

Serv. Mrs. Mushroom, Sir.

Warnf. How absurd to suffer these fools to ruffle my temper!

Enter Mrs. Mushroom [speaking as she comes on].

Mrs. Musb. Warnford, I am come to quarrel with you. Hey-day! you're engaged, I see.—[aside] What can all this mean?

Warnf. I would introduce Colonel Baton to you, if I knew which it was of these two gentlemen. “But I see it is unnecessary; you seem to be acquainted with them both.”!

[*Mrs. Musb. and Twist confer apart.*]

Eliza. Mr. Warnford, a word with you——Ask me not who or what I am; “for I won't tell you.” I came hither to serve you. Do not interrupt, but answer me. Can you submit to see Ormellina married to another, to her guardian, Colonel Bentley?

Warnf. I tremble at the thought.

Eliza. This evening then must determine your fate; she will be at Captain Coromandel's—I'll meet you there, and pilot you to happiness. [Exit.]

Mrs. Musb. [coming forward with *Twist*] I believe, Sir, you had better, like a falling minister, retire to prevent your being turned out.

E

Twist.

Twiss. I will, Ma'am—but then the worst of it is, I must retire without a pension. [Exit.]

Mrs. Musb. I vow the history of the two last hours would furnish an additional story for Ovid's *Metamorphoses*.

Warnf. [aside] If the information should be false.—
[to her] Very, true, indeed, Madam, as you say.

"*Mrs. Musb.* I sent you a letter this morning—I find, however, it was not received.

"*Warnf.* But then for what purpose should he deceive me? [aside]—No, Ma'am—not received."

Mrs. Musb. Now I own my idea——

Warnf. Oh, Ormellina! [aside:---To Mrs. M.] A—
a—yes, Madam, that is my idea,

Mrs. Musb. And pray, Sir, what may your ideas be? For your echo conversation does not betray any signs of them.

Warnf. Pardon, pardon, my dear Mrs. Mushroom.

"*Mrs. Musb.* Come, come, you are agitated by the news you have heard from the gentleman who has now left you, Mr. M'Proteus——[aside] He has been mentioning the contents of my letter.

"*Warnf.* I am so indeed.—[aside] Surely she is apprized of Ormellina's intended marriage.

"*Mrs. Musb.* I know not what he meant by so whimsically assuming the dress of a French officer—but undoubtedly he came on purpose to give you information.

"*Warnf.* He said so indeed."

Mrs. Musb. I imagine M'Proteus told you he saw my letter to you.

Warnf. You wrote me a letter then?

Mrs. Musb. Yes, appointing an interview—I could not rest till I explained to you.

Warnf. [aside] Yes, yes, she knows of Colonel Bentley's design of marrying Ormellina.—[to her] Generous woman! [kissing her hand.]

Mrs. Musb. But a ridiculous mistake preventing my letter reaching you—I am now come in person to inform you——

Warnf.

Warnf. On my knees let me thank you for your condescension—Love alone like mine——

“ *Mrs. Musb.* Love like mine—Is it my turn to be Echo now, Mr. Warnford ? ”

Musb. [without] Where is he, I say ?

Mrs. Musb. My husband’s voice !

Warnf. His arrival is very fortunate indeed——I dare say he will lend us his assistance in any scheme to effect my happiness.

Mrs. Musb. Sir !

Warnf. Nay, Ma’am, if he is ignorant of the circumstance, and you wish him to remain so——

Mrs. Musb. Upon my life, Warnford, you jumble jest and earnest in such a manner, that I don’t know what to make of you——But I must retire——So get rid of Mush-room as soon as you can. [Exit.]

Warnf. Jumble jest and earnest !——“ I am sure I “ see no jest in the matter.”

Enter Mushroom.

Musb. Zounds ! what’s become of the Colonel ? Off !——Eh !——Ah ! you had some female visitor, I suppose ?——Come, tell the truth——Nay, no ceremony with me——You know I hate ceremony——I was bred a low fellow, and so I have always remained——Not a farthing the poorer for that, by the bye. But I abhor gentility.

Warnf. Why, Sir, as for the Colonel——

Musb. Come, come, I know you don’t like him——He is not genteel enough for you——But I wish you hadn’t packed him off so soon——There is Captain Coromandel below stairs, who longed to see him.

Warnf. Who ? Captain Coromandel ? Excuse me for a moment. [Exit.]

Musb. [solus] Hey day ! What’s in the wind now ? Egad he takes my advice, and makes no ceremony with me, indeed ! I fancy there is not much ceremony between him and my jade of a wife neither——I find she is somewhere about the house at this moment ; and I

begin to doubt whether her letter was meant for that Booby French Colonel. Let me read it once more. [*sits down and takes the letter from his pocket.*]

Enter Mrs. Mushroom behind; comes forward on tiptoe.

Mrs. Mush. All is quiet! I hope Warnford has sent my husband off. [*she sees Mushroom and shrinks*]

Mush. Ah! my dear, I know I always have your good wishes—You did not expect to meet me here, I dare say; but I believe there is a secret sympathy between us.

Mrs. Mush. A secret sympathy then it must be; for I have never found it out.

Mush. Then I have the advantage of you, my love—But, indeed, I am ever making discoveries, and indebted to you for them all too.

Mrs. Mush. And yet you have not profited by what a wise man would deem the most important of my discoveries. You know, my dear, I have often, with a faithful pencil, given you a whole length picture of yourself.

Mush. And, I fancy, my dear, you have paid particular attention to finishing my head properly—Ha! ha! ha!

Mrs. Mush. Your attempts at wit, Mr. Mushroom, are a kind of hysterical disorder, which creates universal pity, and makes no one laugh but yourself—Not that I deny you some merit.

Mush. Aye, aye, what may that be?

Mrs. Mush. You have the peculiar happiness of reconciling us even to your ill-manners. They are a set of bad features distorted into a pleasant caricature. Absurdity, your constant friend, tinges even your impertinence with folly, and saves you from chastisement, by rendering you ridiculous. Is the picture complete, my life?

Mush. Yes, my soul, and now for yours.—

Mrs. Mush. Hush! here is somebody coming.

Mush.

Musb. [*aside*] That's unlucky—I had one of the severest things at my tongue's end—However—I'll save it for our next quarrel.

Enter Warnford and Coromandel.

Warnf. My dear Coromandel, you give me new life: you say you've seen Ormellina!

Corom. Ay, and have removed all her scruples.
 "You shall see her this evening—and—but we are not alone——[*to Mushbroom and wife*] My old friends, I rejoice to see you."

Warnf. There is a pair whom Hymen has bound with wreaths of roses.

Mrs. Musb. [*aside*] I'faith, then the roses have dropt off and left nothing but thorns.

Musb. My experience of wedlock, Mr. Warnford, leads me to wish all my friends married.——[*aside*] It is some comfort to have companions in one's misfortunes.

Corom. Aye, aye, that's right, Mushbroom.

QUARTETTO. Warnford. Coromandel, Mr. and Mrs. Mushbroom.

Mrs. Musb. Hymen's delights all other joys outweigh
 ——What does my dear—my husband say?

War. and Cor. With such a wife, how happy must he be!

Blest in such pleasing bonds, who would be free?

What says my friend——

What does the happy husband say?

Musb. Tol lol de rol, is all I say.

END OF ACT THE SECOND.

A C T III.

S C E N E, Coromandel's House.

“ Enter Coromandel and Stanmore.

“ *Stanm.* I WONDER this Mr. M'Proteus is not
 “ come yet. He certainly can tell me
 “ some news of my Eliza.
 “ *Corom.* From love and shipwreck Heaven preserve
 “ me ! Why what's the matter with the man ?
 “ *Stanm.* I cannot help it—I own myself unfit for
 “ society.

“ A I R. *Stanmore.*

“ What avails it to me that so fair
 “ Was Eliza, so gentle and kind,
 “ Since fortune was deaf to my pray'r,
 “ And my love to another consign'd ?
 “ O'er whatever new objects arise,
 “ The dark shade of sorrow is cast,
 “ And memory busily tries
 “ Their likeness to trace with the past.

II.

“ If the stroke of misfortune I meet,
 “ With vengeance redoubled it falls,
 “ When fancy, with malice replete,
 “ The hour of our parting recalls :
 “ For a moment would peace be my guest,
 “ Remembrance, my bitterest foe,
 “ Reminds me that once I was blest,
 “ To plunge me the deeper in woe.

“ [*Exit Stanmore.*]*Enter*

Enter Coromandel, Warnford, and Colonel Baton.

Corom. Once more, Colonel, welcome to my house : I congratulate you on your escape from old Mushroom's : I find you suffer'd some indignities there.

Col. Bat. Ce n'est rien---Ve people of gallanterie tink dat litel difficulé make de plaisir of de conquest greater ; dat Madame Mushroom be adorable ; [*aside*] she loves me to distraction.

Corom. Ah ! Colonel, you are a happy man---but I am persuaded that your own happiness will not render you forgetful that our friend here is not so.

Col. Bat. Sair, ven I do so I vill renounce my contrée : I rejoice to hear de accents of happiness from all around me ; de harmonie delights my heart, and I join de chorus.---But if von string be out of tune---if one litel sigh of miserie reach my ear---ah ! all de concert be spoil pour moi.

Warnf. My dear Colonel, I perceive the goodness of your heart ; I give you credit for your kind intentions.

Col. Bat. No, Sair, I vill have no credit---I vill pay vat I owe ; you be my friend---you vant my assistance---I can give it to you---and I love to pay my debt. You say Madame Ormellina consent to run away vid you ?

Warnf. Yes, my persuasions have prevail'd on her to seek an asylum in a foreign settlement, where the power and influence of her guardian cannot reach us.

Corom. [*to Baton*] I find your friend the French captain sails to Pondicherri early to-morrow morning ; I have contrived that the lovers shall be safely convey'd on shipboard this evening---and then-----

Col. Bat. De sighs of love vill fill deir sails---Cupidon vill be deir pilot---Hymen vill stand at de helm---and I vill go and settle every ting with the Capitaine. Morbleau, I wish I had tought of it before ; I dare say Madame Mushroom, you'd be of de partie ; or if she
you'd

you'd not go, perhaps dat litel girl dat laugh so---her fille de chambre---Bless me, I shou'd like to run away vid somebody. [Exit.

Warnf. Hark! some of your visitors are come already.

Coram. Then I had better join them, to prevent suspicion. Remember that when Ormellina steals away from the company, she is to conceal herself in the garden, till every thing is ready for your elopement.

[Exit.

A I R. *Warnford.*

Long have hope and fear, contending,
Ruled by turns my troubled breast;
'This blest hour, the conflict ending,
Shall to my flutt'ring heart give rest.

And yet, alas! should hope deceive;—
No, no, her impulse I'll believe:

Hence, coward doubts, away;
I'll not be importuned:
On this auspicious day
My soul to joy's attuned.

'Sdeath, here comes my torment, Mrs. Mushroom.

Enter Mrs. Mushroom.

Mrs. Mush. Oh, Warnford, I am so glad to meet with you at last. Do you know my husband is absolutely jealous of you?

Warnf. Jealous of me?

Mrs. Mush. He watches me so narrowly, that I have made an excuse for bringing Lucy with me, to observe him, and prevent his coming upon us un-
awares.

Warnf. Really you surprise me.

Mrs.

Mrs. Mush. I dare say I do; I don't know any thing in your conduct and mine, which could have given rise to Mr. Mushroom's suspicions? though he pretends to say our mutual attachment is very apparent.

Warnf. I begin to perceive the drift of these ingenious reflections.

Mrs. Mush. Perhaps, indeed, relying too far on the purity of my intentions, my unsuspecting temper may have betrayed me into a levity of manner, or perhaps (pardon the supposition), but perhaps you, in a convivial moment, might have spoken of me in such terms as often give birth to scandal.

Warnf. [*aside*] I'll teaze her—No never, as I recollect.

Mrs. Mush. [*aside*] How provoking! Come, come, Warnford, I know a man, without any dishonourable intention, might, in speaking of a lady, say, "Egad, she is a fine woman"—Her husband is a horrid fellow—and if she were to throw herself in my way——

Warnf. A most curious catechism [*aside*].—I assure you, Madam, I never spoke thus of you in my life.

Mrs. Mush. What an insensible creature, ! [*aside*].—Though Mr. Mushroom seems to lay the greatest stress on what happened the other evening at my house: You were silly enough to attempt to kiss my hand; and I was silly enough to let you. He says your eyes spoke a thousand tender things; to which I only replied, I did not observe it; and, as I told him, I am sure you meant nothing at all—Now did you?

Warnf. A home question, by my soul—there is no parrying this [*aside*]. My dear Madam.

Enter Lucy.

Lucy. Ma'am, Ma'am! just as we expected, my master mis'd you from the room below, and is coming softly up the back stairs, in hopes of surprising you and Mr. Warnford together.

Mrs. Mush. Deuce take his curiosity!

Warnf. It is very impertinent, to be sure—This way,
My dear Ma'am. *Lucy.*

Lucy. Don't go out at that door, Sir; it leads to the garden, where you will be surely discovered—make haste into this room—here is the key of the door—I'll match the old gentleman, I'll warrant him. [*Mrs. Musbroom and Warnford go in, and Lucy locks the door, and tries if her key will fit the lock of the other door.*]

Lucy. The same key fits both locks; that is lucky indeed.

Enter Musbroom.

Musb. [*aside*] Hey day, gone already! why! How can they have escaped?—That jade Lucy here?—then there is mischief stirring—[*to her*] How the devil did you come here? and what are you fidgetting about at that door?

Lucy. Dear Sir---you---you---really your questions confuse one so.

Musb. Indeed! well, I didn't think any question whatever could have confused you---however, I'll spare your blushes for the sake of their novelty---so open the door for me. [*Lucy setting her back against the door of the empty room.*]

Lucy. What door, Sir?---this?

Musb. Ay, Madam, that--I suppose you have the key.

Lucy. I have the key, to be sure, Sir; but hadn't you better go into the other room.---Indeed, Sir, you will find nobody here.

Musb. Hussy, Hussy! you're in league with my wife.

Lucy. Who, Sir, would not be partial to so kind a mistress?

Musb. Yes, i'faith, I believe she's a kind mistress to half my acquaintance---but open the door, I tell you.

Lucy. Pray take my advice, Sir;---indeed, if you go in you'll repent it.

Musb. Open the door.

Lucy. Well, Sir, if it must be so.---[*She opens the door, Musbroom goes in, and she turns the key upon him.*]

She

She then opens the other door, and enter Mrs. Mushroom and Warnford.

Well, Madam, what do you think of me now?

Mrs. Mush. Words cannot express what I think of you.

Warnf. That is exactly my case, Lucy, and therefore let this speak for me.

[Gives her money.]

Mrs. Mush. Adieu then till to-morrow---I shall expect to see you.

Warnf. If I am in Calcutta, Madam, you may depend upon me. *[Exit.]*

Mush. *[within]* Open the door---Zounds, you have lock'd me in.

Lucy. Well, Sir, you would not take good advice when I offered it. I said you would repent it.

Mush. Come, I know my wife has bribed you---But I'll pay you double what she gave you.

Lucy. Why, Sir, you ought to be punished for your unkind suspicions. What reason now can you have for thinking.

Mush. Pshaw! what signifies arguing through a key-hole? Release me, and trust to my generosity.

Lucy. Well, Sir, for once I will---*[aside to Mrs. Mushroom]* Here, Madam, I commit my prisoner to your care. *[Exit.]*

Mush. *[coming out.]* Aye, aye, I'll reward you, and as for my wife---

Mrs. Mush. Here I am, my dear husband, in the obedient discharge of my duty. How agreeable it is to meet thus unexpectedly!

Mush. Yes, but it would be rather more agreeable to part unexpectedly.

Mrs. Mush. Come, come, Mushroom, we have quarrelled till we have nothing more to say. Let us agree by way of variety.

Mush. With all my heart, I know you like variety.

Mrs. Mush. Let me see then how gallantly you can hand me back to the company.

Mush. Agreed. *[takes her hand]*

“ Enter

“ Enter Coromandel.

“ Corom. Our friends are quite impatient for you.

“ Mrs. Mush. I have been taking a ramble over this part of your house, Mr. Coromandel, and admiring the elegance with which it is fitted up.

“ Mush. Yes, Mrs. Mushroom is very fond of “rambling sometimes.” Let us go and make our apologies. Take care, my dear, how you walk—you know you are very apt to trip.

[Exeunt.

SCENE changes to the Garden—The Entrance of a Walk overshadowed with Trees, is seen on the right Hand.

Enter Ormellina, Warnford, and Coromandel.

Warnf. Give me joy, Coromandel ; our scheme has succeeded beyond expectation—a pretended head-ache afforded my dear girl an opportunity of quitting the company, and Colonel Bentley was the first to urge her to go home.

Corom. Behold the place of your retreat, Madam! That walk, which I formed into a bower to shield me from the rays of the mid-day sun. This is the only entrance to it, and I will send Rosario to watch if any one approach.

[Exit.

Warnf. Still so pensive!—Surely, my charming Ormellina will no longer doubt my truth.

Orm. No, Warnford, you have convinced me that I need not blush to declare my affection for you. Let guilt be the parent of shame—I feel none in avowing my attachment to a man of honour—the first and only attachment of which my heart was ever susceptible.

Warnf. Delightful confession.

“ DUET. Warnford and Ormellina.

“ Warnf. Then no more, my dearest blessing,

“ Let pale Doubt our hopes annoy ;

“ For constancy, each fear repressing,

“ Twines for us her wreath of joy.

“ Orm.

- " *Orm.* O no more, my dearest blessing,
 " May pale Doubt our hopes annoy ;
 " But constancy, each fear repressing,
 " Twine for us her wreath of joy.
 " *Warnf.* Love designs to be our guide
 " To bliss, thro' Hymen's fane.
 " *Orm.* Oh may no ill betide,
 " Nor may we seek in vain :
 " And yet, tho' ne'er asunder,
 " Our guide and us we find.
 " Ah ! thou'd we stray, no wonder—
 " That guide, alas ! is blind.
 " *Warnf.* His aim too true we find,
 " His blindness too despise ;
 " For tho' the archer's blind,
 " His shaft unerring flies.
 " *Both.* If Love be but our guide
 " To bliss, thro' Hymen's fane,
 " Then shall no ill betide,
 " Nor shall we sigh in vain."

Enter Mrs. Mushroom [behind]

Mrs. Mush. Here are the turtles——This is what I suspected.

Orm. I consider Colonel Bentley as my dearest friend——He has a claim to my utmost gratitude and esteem——But you have my heart, and I shudder at the idea of mocking him with a shadow of affection.

Mrs. Mush. [*aside*] All soul and sentiment——not a single vile, earthly idea about her, I warrant.

Orm. However the Colonel may be blinded by passion, I know him to be honourable, and I know he will one day thank me for having put it out of his power to be unjust——But you ought to quit me for the present, Warnford ; the Colonel will wonder at your absence.

Warnf. I go, my love.

Mrs. Mush. [*aside*] And I'll stay, my love, to see the end of this romance.

[*Exit into the arbour.*]

Orm. Pray leave me——Consider——on this hour depends our fate.

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Mrs. Mush. [*aside*] And I'll stay, my love, to see the end of this romance.

[*Exit into the arbour.*]

Orm. Pray leave me—Consider—on this hour depends our fate.

Warnf. I obey—" And may the dawning preface of
 " happiness, which now revives my soul, smile on us
 " with meridian splendour when next we meet."

[*Exit.*

Orm. This is, indeed, an eventful moment for me.

A I R. *Ormellina.*

Thus, just escaped the storm,
 The mariner espies
 Black clouds the dawn deform,
 And hide again the skies.

Trembling with wild dismay,
 He views the morning's gloom
 Contending with the day
 That must decide his doom.

Enter Rosario.

Orm. Ah! Rosario, I'm glad you are come—I am
 sure I hear somebody talking with Mr. Warnford—fol-
 low him, and listen, Rosario; I will retreat here in the
 meanwhile

[*Exit Rosario.*

[*Orm. goes to the entrance of the arbour.*]

Heavens! some one is concealed here already: how
 unfortunate!

Enter Rosario [and goes to the arbour].

Rosa. Need not be frighten'd, Missie Ormellina; it
 be only Captain Coromandel talk with my massa—
 Don't be melancholy, Missie Ormellina; I be sure my
 massa love you dearly. Rosario will sing a little song
 to amuse you.

S O N G. *By Rosario.*

Now de sultry day be past,
 And pleasant night be come at last;

Oh!

Oh! how sweet abroad to stray,
While on de wave de moon-beams play!

While de gentle winds quite please,
Wake and whisper 'mong de trees;
Teaching lovers in deir walk
Softly like demselves to talk.
Now de sultry day, &c.

Angry passions every one
Leave us with the scorching sun:
Love, now like de morn appear,
And gaily smite so bright and clear.
Now de sultry, &c.

Enter Eliza.

Eliz. Come hither, my good boy, I want to speak to you. Will you do me a favour?

Rosa. Yes, Sir, would love dearly to do you a favour, you say so kind.

Eliz. Be so good as to step to Mr. Stanmore, and tell him a gentleman waits here to speak with him; whisper to him, Rosario, so that nobody may overhear you.

[Going to give him money.]

Rosa. No money, Sir. I shall like to oblige you; but it be no oblige ven you pay me—rather you keep money, and say to me, thank ye. *[Exit.]*

Eliz. And I will thank thee, Rosario, as I ought.

Enter Colonel Baton behind.

Bat. Ah, ha!—Voilà mon homme—*[comes forward softly, and taps Eliza on the shoulder]* Serviteur. I am told, Sair, you call yourself Colonel Baton.

Eliz. I—I have answer'd to that name, Sir.

Bat. Den I presume, Sair, you be officer in de French service, by your vite cockade.

Eliz. Sir, I—I, yes, Sir; I wear a white cockade—I admire it extremely.

Baton. So do I, Sair.

Eliz. I am very glad you like it—I——

Eaton. And I must 'ave it, Sair.

Eliz. Have my cockade, Sir! Bless me, that is a little extraordinary.

Baton. Monsieur. [*angrily*]

Eliz. Well, Sir, there it is—If you have taken any fancy to the hat, Sir, it is at your service. [*aside*] I wish Henry were come.

Baton. [*tears the cockade from Eliza's hat*] Now, Sair, you 'ave no mark of de livree of my sovereign—I tell you dat you be villain, poltroon.

Eliz. Really, Sir, I think it is very absurd for us to cut throats about a piece of white ribbon——so——

Baton. I know dat I do you too much honneur to fight you.—[*drawing his sword*]

Eliz. Then I am sure, Sir, I don't desire any more honour than is my due.

Baton. Allons, defend yourself.

Eliz. I wish I could, Sir.

Baton. [*pressing on Eliza with his sword*] Combatez! combattez! Monsieur.

Eliz. No, Sir, you have dishonoured my reputation, by calling me a coward, and I will not fight till I have cleared my character. Pray, Sir, don't be so violent. [*aside*] What shall I do? I must avow myself.

Baton. Repondez, scelerat?—answer me—do you deserve the name of man?

Eliz. No, indeed, Sir,——I am——

Baton. Parlez——vite.

Eliz. I am——

Baton. Vat be you?

Eliz. I am——[*seeing Stanmore who enters at the moment*] Sir, your most obedient humble servant.

Stan. Heavens! that voice!—no longer distinguished by the Scotch accent—I——

Eliz. Here is my champion, Colonel——Surely he will defend a life which I have risked for the joy of seeing him once more; and which, from this moment, shall be devoted to repair the wrongs he has suffered.

Stan. [*embracing her*] My life! my soul! my dearest Eliza.

Baton.

Baton. [*aside*] My dearest Eliza! Oh ho! [*to her*] Madame, vil you pardon my mistake? Dere be de coccade. Venever you like to go into the armie again, I hope to 'ave de honneur of be your commanding officer.

Eliz. You see, Colonel, I have engaged with another commander, and I am sure you are too much a man of honour to wish I should ever desert.

Baton. [*aside*] Ah! dat last glance at me mean something. I have catch her too.

Enter Coromandel.

Corom. I need not ask whether an explanation has taken place.

Eliz. Indeed, it has been as short as sweet, thanks to Colonel Baton's mode of frightening one out of a secret.

Corom. I am sorry, however, the secret has made so much noise. You have positively alarmed the house. Colonel Bentley, and our whole party, are coming into the garden, to see what is the matter.

Baton. Den I must retire for de present.

Eliz. Well, Colonel, when you retreat, I think my courage will not suffer by following your example.—

[*Exeunt Col. Baton, Eliza, and Stanmore.*]

Corom. [*solus*] Poor Ormellina will be scared out of her wits. [*goes to the arbour where Mrs. Mushbroom is concealed*] Don't be alarmed, my dear Madam—nobody knows you are there, except Warnford and myself.

Enter Warnford, Col. Bentley, and Mushbroom.

Bent. Well, Coromandel, what the devil has produced all this clatter?—some of your spoilt servants, I suppose, at their gambols—aye—all the effects of your foolish good-nature.

“*Corom.* Come, Colonel, let us have no more of this affectation. —You to abuse good-nature—you, in whose composition the milk of human kindness is the chief ingredient.”

Bent. “Sir, I deny it—I disclaim it—’tis on the milk of human kindness, knavery thrives, Sir.”—I re-

joice in my ill-humour; it is a fortification raised around me by nature, to guard me from ruin.

Corom. Don't tell me of your fortifications——A tear from virtue in distress would make a practicable breach in one minute.

“*Bent.* Let me tell you, Sir, I take your compliments very ill; and if you persist in your cursed civility, you will oblige me to quit your house.”

“*Corom.* Nay, my dear Colonel, rather than offend you, I will allow you to be as bad as you please; I will acknowledge you to be unfeeling, uncharitable, cynical, morose——in short, one of the most disagreeable men I am acquainted with.”

Musb. Pshaw! a fig for your arguments; let us go and finish our bottle.

Bent. No, no; if we must have a bottle, let us have it here. It is a fine evening, and I like variety——you know I am whimsical.

Warn. Dear Sir, consider the absurdity.

Bent. I always was reckoned absurd, and I wish to act up to my character.

“*Corom.* Well, but Colonel——

“*Bent.* Mr. Coromandel, obstinacy is my favourite virtue——on this spot I either take a glass of wine, or take my leave——to make your choice.”

Corom. “Then, Sir, my choice is made.” Bring wine immediately. [*to a servant.*]

Warn. [*aside to Coromandel*] ‘Sdeath, Coromandel, are you mad?

Corom. [*aside to Warnford*] Pshaw! give the child his rattle, and he’ll soon be tired of it. [*bottles and glasses brought in.*]

Enter a Servant, and whispers Musbroom.

Musb. Colonel Baton wants me, do you say? desire him to walk this way——here are none but friends.

Enter Twist still disguised as Colonel Baton.

Ah, Colonel.

Twist.

Twist. Hush, my good Sir,—I—I—I thought you were alone—I'll call on you another time.

Musb. Hey day, Colonel, you seem confoundedly frightened at something.

Twist. Sudden surprise, Sir, that's all. [*aside*] Here is Coromandel and Warnford—I shall be blown presently.

Musb. Oh, oh! the surprise of meeting your old friend Colonel Bentley so unexpectedly?

Twist. Yes, Sir; really it overcomes me. [*going.*]

Musb. I'faith, you shan't leave us.

"*Corom.* [*aside to Warnford*] There is that rascal, Twist, disguised in Baton's clothes.

"*Warn.* [*aside to Coromandel*] Let him alone—we have a more serious object to engage our attention."

Twist. [*to Musbroom*] Pray which is my old acquaintance Colonel Bentley?

Musb. There he sits. How astonishingly altered he must be to have escaped your recollection! I'faith, he looks at you as if he had never seen you before.

Twist. So he does—and—and it absolutely distresses me. Let me tell you, Mr. Musbroom, that to be forgotten thus by one's friends—but my feelings overcome me—I had rather go, if you please.

Mr. sp. Indeed I sha'n't suffer you to go. I will seat you next to Colonel Bentley, without telling him who you are.—It will be a very good joke.

Twist. Heigh-ho! Well, if it must be so; but, upon my soul, I am not in a joking humour. [*sits down.*]

"*Bent.* I declare I am quite in love with our situation; this is an excellent place for a catch.

"*Musb.* And there is another excellent place for a catch in the house—'Tis a most bewitching room—when one is once in it, one hardly knows how to get out again—Eh, Mr. Warnford.

"*Bent.* There is some hidden meaning in all this."

Musb. "Oh, yes, 'tis the fashion to have things hidden in this house; aye, and in this garden too; for" I am much mistaken if I had not the glimpse of a petticoat in that arbour just now. [*aside.*] My loving wife, most likely.

Warnf.

Warn. [*aside*] 'Sdeath, I must explain the truth, to keep him quiet. [*whispers Mushroom.*]

Bent. What does all this mysterious conversation signify?

Corom. Why, it signifies that we have not yet had wine enough to understand each other properly.

Mush. [*aside to Warnford*] And you say Ormellina is really concealed there?—Egad, I could have sworn it had been my wife; for I did suspect you, Warnford. However, leave me to bring the Colonel to reason.— [*aside to Colonel Bentley.*] A word with you.—I suppose you don't know that a particular friend of yours is in that arbour; but, indeed, you have no great knack in finding out your friends—Eh, Colonel. [*to Twist.*]

Bent. This may be wit, Mr. Mushroom.

Mush. Aye, and truth into the bargain.—I tell you as a fact, that Warnford has concealed Ormellina in that arbour; by the bye, he must not know I told you so. “ [*aside*] I have long owed Warnford a good turn, and “ now I think I have paid him.”

Bent. [*aside*] Just I could wish. I long to embrace the spirited young rogue.

“ *Mush.* Well, Colonel, after what I have explained “ to you, your suspicions must of course cease. (*aside “ to him*) You don't seem to be angry.”

Bent. “ Zounds, Sir, but I am, and very angry too.” Mr. Coromandel, I have particular reasons for wishing to know who is in that retired walk.

Corom. My dear Colonel, the request is so strange!

Bent. Sir, I must persist in it. I charge that gentleman (*pointing to Warnford*) with having meanly concealed—

Warn. Meanly concealed! No man, but yourself, Colonel Bentley, dare use the expression. If I have had recourse to artifice, it was in an honourable cause; in defence of beauty and virtue, which claimed my protection against the man who dares to become my accuser.—I own a lady is there.

Mush. Faith, 'tis very hard a man can't hide a pretty woman in a corner, with her own consent, without the place being searched, as if it contained smuggled goods.

Warn. That lady was concealed there by me—my warmest

warmest hopes have been crowned with her consent to elope with me this evening—Her heart is mine, and I will defend the possession of it with my life.—
[*goes to the arbour, and Mrs. Mushbroom comes out*]—Confusion!

Musb. Why, what the devil does this mean, my dear?

Mrs. Musb. Really, my dear, you had better ask Mr. Warnford's servant, Rosario—he watched me in my concealment, and, I suppose, can explain the reasons why he did so. [*Exit.*

Bent. What's the matter, Warnford? You have only had recourse to artifice in an honourable cause, in defence of beauty and virtue, which claimed your protection.—By the bye, I don't recollect that ever I offered any violence to Mrs. Mushbroom's delicacy.

Musb. I must tell you, Mr. Warnford, that you have used me cursedly ill.

Bent. I don't see that, Mushroom—you know 'tis very hard a man can't hide a pretty woman in a corner, with her own consent.

Warn. Rosario!

Enter Rosario.

Come hither, blockhead; go instantly to the lady whom you watched in that arbour—"present my compliments," and request she will favour me with one minute's private conversation here.

Rosa. [*aside*] Poor Miss Ormellina will so afraid:—before all dis company, Sir?

Warnf. Tell her I shall be alone.—Obey my orders instantly, Rosario. Now gentlemen, "we shall have this mystery explained—I flatter myself Mrs. Mushroom will not refuse me an explanation, and I am content that yourselves shall witness it."—Retire into that very arbour which has been the source of our embarrassment, and from thence you may overhear our conversation. [*Exeunt all but Warnford into the arbour.*]

Warnf. [*solus*] This is some trick of that tormenting woman, and she deserves to be exposed.

Enter

Enter Rosario.

Rosa. Is all safe, massa? All gentlemen gone?

Warnf. You see I am alone.

Rosa. Den Missie Ormellina may come here. [*Retire up.*]

Enter Ormellina.

Orm. Oh, Warnford, what have I not endured for this last half hour?

Warnf. [*aside*] 'Sdeath how unlucky!—the Colonel will overhear every word.

Orm. By the strangest accident, I was deprived of the retreat we had agreed upon, and have been waiting in the garden——

“*Warnf.* Pray forbear——this is not a proper time.”——

Orm. “Well then let us be gone. Colonel Baton is now in the garden.” A guide is ready to conduct us to the ship, and, in short, every obstacle to our escape is removed.

Bent. [*comes down*] No, Ormellina, there is still an obstacle to your escape.

Warnf. There can be none, Sir, while that lady consents to be mine.

Bent. You are mistaken, young man, that obstacle is my authority—the authority of a father.

Orm. Gracious Heaven!

Bent. Yes, Ormellina, this accident has forced the secret from me, which a regard for your welfare has for so many years buried in your bosom. [*embracing her*]
“As for you, Warnford, you are not much pleased with this discovery, I take it.”—Look ye, Sir, zounds, if I were to give way to my feelings upon this occasion—but I will repress them—I shall content myself with telling you, that you need not flatter yourself with any hopes of eloping with my daughter, and that effectually to prevent the most distant chance of your repeating so abominable an attempt, I am fixed and determined

determined to give my consent for your marriage to-morrow.

Warnf. Generous friend!—how shall I thank you?

Bent. By making a good husband to my daughter, you rogue---that's the best way of thanking me.

Enter Stanmore.

Ah, Stanmore, give us joy.

TRIO. Warnford, Stanmore and Ormellina.

Warnf. Gratitude, for utterance striving,
Finds the aid of language vain.

Ormel. Drooping hope once more reviving,
Calls me back to life again.

Warnf. } Friendship too his tribute brings,

Ormel. } Joining Love in festive lay;

and } Of constancy the praise he sings,

Stan. } And hails her bright triumphal day.

Stan. While wedlock's sweets enjoying,
Nine couples out of ten,
Left sweets should prove too cloying,
Quarrel now and then.

Warnf. Oh fie!

Ormel. You should have spoke before:

To Hymen's bonds consenting,

Why fright me half repenting?

I vow I'll hear no more.

War. and Or. Hush! hush! I'll hear no more.

Stan. Well, well, I'll say no more.

Warnf. } Copy prudence now no more reproving,

Orm. } May joy our every hour beguile;

and } While on each heart Love smiles approving,

Stan. } It beats responsive to his smile.

Enter Mrs. Mushroom.

Mrs. Mush. Colonel Bentley, give me leave to congratulate you and our friends here on this agreeable discovery.

Enter

Enter Mushroom, followed by Twist and Coromandel.

Musb. An agreeable discovery, indeed; but this seems to be a day of discoveries, and I believe, my dear, we are not yet got to the end of them.

Bent. But I thought I heard somebody name Colonel Baton—is he arrived?

Musb. Arrived! ha! ha! ha! Why the Colonel has been in company with you for this half hour past.—You have seen him—spoke to him—drank with him—Why here he stands---This is Colonel Baton. [*pointing to Twist.*]

Bent. Is it? then he is a most extraordinary man, and I should like to follow his example, for he is grown twenty years younger, at least, since I saw him last.—Harkee, you dog—who are you?

Enter Colonel Baton.

Bat. Ah! mon ami---joy---joy---je vous felicite---I give you joy---here I am.

Bent. Pardon me, my dear friend, you have forgot yourself. There you are; (*pointing to Twist.*) I find you have been here this half hour past---that I have talked with you, drank with you---and that there you stand at this moment.---Does not he, Mushroom?

Bat. (to Twist.) Ah! ah! villain! poltroon---I 'ave got you. So you be Colonel Baton?

Twist. No, Sir,---not the original Colonel Baton; ---I am only a translation from the French.

[*Mrs. Mushbroom takes Colonel Baton aside, and confers with him in dumb shew*]

Bent. And a very free translation too, for there appears to be great liberties taken with the original.

Mrs. Musb. [aside to Baton] My dear Colonel, you must prevent an eclarcissement---You are bound as a man of gallantry to conceal that weaknets which you have occasioned.

Bent. [to Twist.] Well, Sir; now for the whole truth.

Twist.

Twiss. With all my heart, Sir.—I am sure I have found lying a very hazardous trade.—I'll tell the company the whole story, from the beginning to the end.

Bat. No, Sair, it shall not be——*Taitez vous.*

Musb. Don't tell me of your *taitez vous*——I have got a letter in my pocket, from my wife to you ; and, Sir, I shall insist upon an explanation.

Bat. Here be my explanation, Monsieur. [*putting his hand to his sword.*] You shall 'ave it venever you please.

Enter Eliza, followed by Lucy.

Mrs. Musb. [*taking Eliza's hand*] Here, Colonel ; let me present you with another French translation, a great favourite of mine.

Eliza. It is done by a woman, Madam, and of course, you know, claims an exemption from severe criticism.

Bent. A woman ! How is all this, Stanmore ?

Stan. Yes, Sir, that lovely woman whom I thought irrecoverably lost.

Bent. A brave girl, i'faith. " I must salute her." [*kisses her*] Welcome, most sincerely, my little heroine.

Corom. Then you are not afraid of venturing on a military wife, eh, Stanmore ?

Eliza. Why should he fear ? Military discipline would teach me the most difficult duty of a wife——to obey.

Bent. Ah ! Stanmore, you are a happy dog.---Zounds, I shall grow good-humoured in spite of myself.---I'll own neither man nor woman as my friend who does not wear a smiling countenance.

" *Warnf.* Then, Sir, your bounty has secured me a claim to your friendship."

Orm. I own, my happiness has received no trifling addition, in seeing my little friend here finish her campaign so successfully.

Eliza. And now farewell to the big war--my occupation's done. For though matrimony is sometimes a service of danger, I insist in hopes of remaining on the

peace establishment. What is your opinion of the matrimonial corps, Colonel Baton?

Bat. Very respectable corps, Madame; I should like to serve von campagne, or so, in it---but den de diable be, dat von cannot give up de service ven tired of it.

Mrs. Musb. And therefore the Colonel continues in the corps of Rangers.---“For my part, I do not regret “the temporary cloud, which, for the first time in “my life, has darkened my reputation, since it has “tended to produce so fortunate an event. [*to Ormellina.*]”

Bent. “Some ladies are so generous, as not to value “reputation, when it can be sacrificed for a friend.”
—Hey-day, Mushroom, you don’t seem too happy, however.

Musb. Oh, yes, Sir,--I have been happy for these sixteen years past; ever since I married Mrs. Mushroom.

Bent. And what says my old acquaintance, whom I never saw before? He is a merry looking dog---what shall I do to make him happy?

Twist. Why, Colonel, my wishes are moderate, considering what old friends we have been (as Mrs. Mushroom knows)—I should be glad to be appointed *your* taylor in ordinary.

Bent. Thank ye, thank ye, for asking no more; for, in my present good humour, I could refuse nothing.

F I N A L E.

Warnford and Ormellina.

Griefs that are past, each joy enhancing,

C H O R U S.

See now descending from her throne,

Ormellina and Warnford.

Pleasure, with fairy step advancing,

CHORUS.

C H O R U S.

Points to the future, as her own.

Ormellina and Warnford

No hesitation ;

'Tis Mirth's invitation.

C H O R U S.

At the glad call who would not advance ?

Ormellina *and* Warnford.

Come away ;

Who'll delay,

C H O R U S.

When Mirth and Pleasure lead off the dance ?

Stanmore.

My joy, surprise, how can I tell ?

I thought my dancing days were o'er.

Ormellina.

And yet, you've practised pretty well :

She led you many a dance before.

As beau, or belle, with equal ease,

In this gay set, she'll play her part :

Warnford [*to Musbroom.*]

We'll change our partners, if you please,

Ay, faith, cries he, with all my heart.

Warnford *and* Ormellina.

No hesitation ;

'Tis Mirth's invitation.

C H O R U S.

At the glad call who will not advance ?

LOVE IN THE EAST:

Warnford and Ormellina.

Come away;
Who'll delay,

C H O R U S.

When Mirth and Pleasure lead off the dance?

Rosario.

My poor heart so dance with joy,
To see good friends here happy, blest.Twist [*to Lucy.*]Will you, Ma'm, find my heels employ,
And honour me?—[*whispers to her*] you guess
the rest.

Coromandel.

Take hands, you slut, you sha'n't refuse.
A warm, sound heart, without a flaw:

Lucy.

Ah! could I but my partner choose! [*looking at*
But he's too high for me. [*Baton.*]

Col. Baton.

Ah! ha!

Ormellina and Warnford.

No hesitation;
'Tis Mirth's invitation.

C H O R U S.

At the glad call who will not advance?

Ormellina and Warnford.

Come away;
Who'll delay,

C H O R U S.

When Mirth and Pleasure lead off the dance?

[*Exeunt omnes.*]